HELD UP THE PARSONS

A Wicked Jehu Made Them Divide Marriage Fees.

CLERGYMEN WENT ON STRIKE.

Then the Lone Hackman of Kenosha Ca ried Runaway Couples to the Magistrates and Brought the Men of the Cloth

There is sorrow, discontent, even disgust, in the Ministerial association of Kenosha. Wis. Not that the pastors have cause of complaint with the spiritual condition of their flocks, or that they are short on their salaries. These things are all right in the little city. But the clergymen are sorrowful because they must pay tribute to the hackman who is not of any of their flocks. This is what galls the men of the cloth. The hackman goes right on about his busi-



EDWARD GRIFFIN.

ness of taking eloping and other couple

whom he has driven into submission.

The situation may be said to be without exallel. It is not every city that has from 0,000 to 12,000 inhabitants and a lone hackman. It is not every city of no matter what population so favorably situated by nature and the connivance of the legis-lature of the state in the matter of marriage licenses as Kenosha. Six miles south from the city limits no man can secure the performance of the marriage ceremony un-less he presents to the magistrate or min-ister a license duly issued according to the laws of Illinois. In Kenosha he does not need anything but the presence and ex-pressed assent of the bride elect and some fficer qualified by law to make them one. Hence it is that many couples unable to evade the mandates of the law on the Illinots side of the line find it easy to assume conjugal bonds on the other.

Edward Griffin has the monopoly of the back business in Kenosha, for he has the depot privilege. No other man has the right to back up to the platform, seize the they want to go. Here is where he over id the clergy in the game recently won

Griffin owns a number of carriages, and his charge for carrying runaway couples to the parsonages is usually \$1. The business is a rushing one, and Griffin obse the ministers were making a good deal of money out of the fares he brought them. He determined to have a share of their

So he let it be known among the mar rying officers of Kenosha that visiting couples in search of the services of magis trate or minister would be taken to that man or men who would agree to compen-sate the backman who delivered the load nd made it possible to earn a thereby. Griffin pointed out to the officers that the law of Wisconsin, in omitting the necessity for a license, had not faile stipulate the amount of the fee which could be collected by law. This is only \$1.50. Now, he also shrewdly called to mind the fact that it is a poor kind of man who does not have \$5 for such a job. He therefore gave the marrying fraternity to understand that he would be satisfied with a percentage of the fees in all cases where he carried the couples to the house

For a time this was all right. The preachers consented, and the backman saw that they got all the business. The ma-jority of those who visited the city preferred the services of a minister anyway. and he had no difficulty in steering the business as he saw fit. This was a good thing for all concerned. It increased Griffin's receipts and made those of the preacher more certain. Now, on the basis of 600 couples a year and \$5 a couple it and the backman were dividing some

But alse for the greed of gold! The men of the cloth assembled and conferred. They concluded as the result of this con-ference that Griffin was getting too much of their proper perquisites. In fact, the clergymen struck. They told the back man they would no longer divide with him. They would retain all the money which came to them as men having the she inventor of brandy.

OR--- A Spool containing 20 yards of the best sew-

ing silk with every small size

cake White Cloud Floating Soap. The cost of this spoon

supply you, send us his address.

legal right to make man and woman man

Here is where they made a mistake. Kenosha has two magistrates. At this time Pennyfeather, J. P., and Schaefer, J. P., were hungry for fees which come of tying marriage knots. Griffin as the monopolist of the industry was catered to by these wise men of the law. The ministers were on a strike. The squires were men of affairs and were willing to take half a loaf in place of none. Then there was a diversion in favor of the squires. The clergy stuck it out for awhile. They tried to arouse public sentiment against Griffin to arouse public sentiment against Griffin and the magistrates, but without avail. The public refused to take the contract of the public refused to take the contract of the c public refused to take sides, and the kman-magistrate alliance continued to

hackman-magistrate alliance continued to do a thriving matrimonial business.

Then the ministers capitulated, cut the wicked jehu had them at his mero; and refused to go back on the magistrate, who helped him out in his contest with the clergy. Now he divides the business between the squires and the ministers, and the latter must perforce be content with a considerably diminished revenue from runaway marriages.

PARIS NOT SO WICKED.

Other Continental Capitals Hide The Sins-French Respectability.

Police experts and those who devot their time to the study of crime and of so cial problems relating thereto do not besi-tate to express the very decided opinion that there is immeasurably more social cor-ruption at Berlin, at Vienna, at St. Pe-tersburg and even in Stockholm than at Paris, while Brussels has achieved for herself an undesirable pre-eminence over all the other cities of the world as the princi-pal source of all the literary filth which Beelzebub inspires degenerate scribes to write for the contamination of innocence and purity But every one of these capi-tals just mentioned makes a point of ob-serving the maxim of De la Rochefou-cauld and keeps, as far as possible, a veil of mystery over its misdoings, the scandal which is printed in their newspapers re-lating exclusively to convergences absend which is printed in their newspapers re-lating exclusively to occurrences abroad and to foreigners, a discreet silence being observed in connection with those happen-ing nearer home. One may search the Berlin journals and those of Vienna in vain for any unsavory gossip concerning the German aristocracy or about the Aus-trian great world, but you will find in trian great world, but you will find in their columns the fullest details concern-ing the scandals of the hour in Madrid, London, Paris or St. Petersburg. Pari-sian newspapers, on the other hand, are apparently never so happy as when fouling their own nest and holding up the moral shortcomings of their own countrymen in an exaggerated form and in a far too highly colored light to the gaze of the entire

It will doubtless astonish many per in America to learn that nowhere in Eu-rope does respectability count for so much as among the French middle and lower classes, while the fashionable world of France attaches equal importance to wha it describes as "correctness" of conduct, speech and manner, says "Ex-Attache" in the New York Tribune.

If Felix Faure and before him Casimir Perier and Sadi-Carnot were elected by the suffrages of their countrymen to the chief magistracy of the republic, it was mainly because, of all the candidates for that high office, they were held to come nearest to the national ideal of respectability and "correctness." These are two qualities which are invariably preferred by the French to brilliancy, to wit and to smartness of intellect, and nowhere are irregularities of conduct visited with more serious consequences to a public man or viewed with great severity by the people

at large than in France. Strict observance of the marriage ties is the rule in French families and not the exception, as people here seem to believe. Indeed the family relations are perhaps even more close and more intimate in France than in America, owing to the fact that there is infinitely less independ-ence on the part of the wife, the daughters

Coyote Farming In California.

In many portions of California the coy-ote is a troublesome beast and plays havo with domestic animals. Though it is to the interest of the granger to annihilate the prowling varmints, and the state has for several years expended about \$200,000 per year for scalps, coyotes are more nu-merous now than ever. At first the bounty was \$1 per scalp for slain coyotes, but the politicians finally got the figure raised to

5. At once the grangers saw that raising infant coyote was to become a profitable industry and set about encouraging their propagation. Recent investigations show that regular coyote farms were established. and the "honest grangers" did such a thriving business that their other crops languished. In the course of a legislative investigation recently it was shown that in one county where 4,000 scalps had been turned in during the year more than three-fourths of them were fraudulent, it being proved that four or five scalps were made from each covote skin; also that some of the scalps were those of foxes and wolves. The town officials never having seen either of these animals, the deception was an easy matter, for the coyote bears a strong re semblance to both of them

Gives the Devil His Due.

Silver-Plated

TEASPOON

White Cloud Floating Soap

and spool of silk comes out of Made by the MONOTUCK SILK CO. our pocket entirely-it's one of our ways of advertising. We want you to get acquainted with the whitest

floating soap on the market. If your grocer can not

MADE ONLY BY JAS. S. KIRK & CO., CHICAGO. THE LARGEST SOAP MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD. ESTABLISHED 1839. *************************

An English Investor's Adventure With a Runaway Motocycle.

BROKE ALL KNOWN RECORDS.

nached Over Two Hundred Miles of Indi-ana Roads at Breakneck Speed and Aroused the Whole Countryside-Thrilling Termination of the Mad Ride.

it with the harrowing adventure of an English speculator on an American's motocy cle. It was worse than that. Sheridan, Putnam and John Gilpin rolled into one neither made the time nor suffered awful effects of mind and body. In the ome of a prominent manufacturer in Pitteburg the victim is lying. His hair s white from the awful mental strain, three of his ribs are fractured, an ankle is sprained, and both his arms are paralyzed o the elbow. For 6 hours and 28 minutes he rode a motocycle, traveling at rail-

road speed, sweeping over 200 miles of quiet Indiana roads in that time and setting the whole country into an uproar.

This modorn Gilpin came here some time ago with a party of English manufacturers, says the Pittsburg Post. Their avowed purpose was to bny up promising inventions from unsophisticated Yankees and make a fortune from them. Others had done it before and several of the party had done it before, and several of the party had turned a pretty penny that way. The one who bit off more than he could chew is known in England as a keen business man and a dead game sportsman. He owns a hereditary estate and writes him-self "Baronet" with a big B.

Shortly after landing the party went up into the Mesaba ore ranges near Lake Superior. While there they happened to fall in with an agent of a Pittsburg manufacturer on the lookout for just such a party of speculators. The agent knew they would be interested in bicycles with the latest features and told them of the invention of Breen Chanin. tion of Byron Chapin, a young minister at Laporte Junction, Ind., who daubled in mechanics. Chapin, he said, had sev-

far from definite as yet, and his physicians will not be him talk of it. What his friends know has been eled out gradually and is judged from the terrific state of the country through which the barones careered. The whole county was excited as it never had been before.

The party hastened on as fast as they could go. Country people lined up along the road, jeered and whistled at them, yelling:

yelling:

"Git a move on! Ye're gettin beat."

From which they inferred that their friend was still going.

Laporte is about 20 miles from Laporte Junction, and the dusty party hove in sight about dusk. A gang of wheelmen met them on the outskirts with inquiries and the size and destination, and as-John Gilpin's fearful ride was never in

met them on the outakirts with inquiries as to the start and destination, and assurances that they stood no show. The baronet had gone through like a full blooded meteor 40 minutes before.

He made the run in 1½ hours. They gave it up and watted for a train, intending to head him off at Stillwell, a town 40 miles farther on.

In the meantime the baronet was reeling off miles, hanging on like grim death.

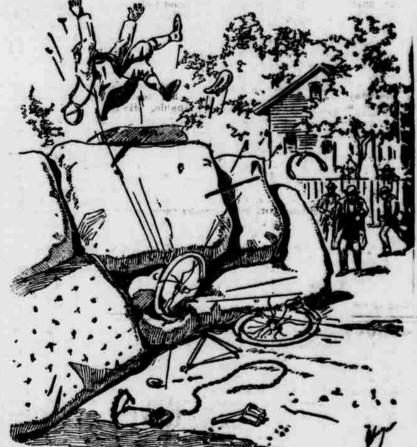
In the meantime the barones was reeling off miles, hanging on like grim death, his motor gathering power with every turn, his eyes sticking out and his hair beginning to show gray spots. Flapping and pounding his ribs, the flask of spring water and fieldglasses set him half crazy. Dogs ran out to bark at him, but he had discovered before these could get their disappeared before they could get their jaws working. A few minor runaways are all the casualties reported from this stretch of 40 miles, which was covered in 90 minutes.

Between Stillwell and Kankakee th

road measures 30 miles. The baronet cov-ered the distance in 50 minutes.

It is a town of about 5,000, and it has a bicycle policeman. The latter is a consci-entious official, and always arrests scorch-ers without lanterns. By the time the baronet's steed reached the west end of the town it was dusk. John Davis, the aforetown it was dusk. John Davis, the afore-said copper, saw him coming down, and he promptly made after him. Davis' recol-lections are of receiving a tremendous jolt in the eye and seeing an aged man appar-ently, with smutty face and glaring eyes, shoot by like the wind. The fieldglasses had hit him. Davis reported to headquar-ters that the devil had gone through town on a wheel which spit fire and acted like a live animal. a live animal.

The baronet's friends had not forgotte him in the meantime. They had missed him at Stillwell and decided to head him



JOHN GILPIN UP TO DATE.

eral bicycles fitted up with remarkable motors. The result was that the party ran down to Laporte with the idea of buy

ing the patents.

The clew developed better than they expected. Chapin turned out to be a pleas-ant faced young fellow, and he showed no hesitation in trotting out his wheels. The wheels in appearance were like ordinary bicycles. They had 28 inch wheels, with patent nonpuncturable tires, also of Cha-pin's invention. His motor was the most essential part. The machine was fitted and an exceedingly compact generator or dynamo. When run 300 feet, enough en-ergy would be stored by the momentum to keep the bicycle moving on ordinarily level ground, at the same time a remarkable amount of electricity being stored up. To avoid an excess a switch to ground the current at will was arranged to let off the surplus electricity. The whole arrange-ment fitted in easily within the diamond frame, being geared from there to the hind

The prospective purchaser saw a good thing and sized up the minister for easy game. It ended with the party mounting bicycles for a test about 5 o'clock p. m.

Through Marshall County, Ind., the roads are a cycler's paradise. The inventor and the party of Englishmen took the one following the line of the Michigan and Lake Erie railroad for the trial. Th Britishers were in ecstasies. A push of 300 feet and they felt the power under them. With feet on the footrests and pipes in their mouths, the inevitable fieldglasses thrown over their shoulders and a flask of spring water on the other side, they sailed along, kicking up the dust at a 15 mile gait, showing their rear wheels to every

gait, showing their rear wheels to every cycler on the road.

Everything went swimmingly, and they began to dicker. The switches let off the surplus electricity nicely and the invention was pronounced a "blooming" success. The haronet especially was tickled to death. He began to experiment on the capabilities of the machine, drawing ahead and then falling back, but suddonly he seemed to take a notion to run away from the party, and a faint shout came back to them and the sound of a terrific hum.

All they could see of the baronet was a cloud of dust, with a halo of tobacco smoke over it. They got scared and let out their wheels to a dangerous speed, but couldn't get near him, and he disappeared around a bend. The inventor timidly suggested that the switch may have got out

gested that the switch may have got out of order, and then they were scared.

The switch had broken off. The baronet found himself astride his hobby and gaining momentum every moment. His secollections of that whiriwind ride are

off by telegraph. A message was sent all along the line to "stop a man on a wheel." At Walkerton, the next place beyond Kankakee, the telegraph operator reported that a bicycle thief was en route there, and although it was already dark, two officers were sent out the pike to stop him. They did not succeed. As the baronet approached the little group one of the police men grabbed at him, while the other premen grabbed at him, while the other part of a nits to prepare for an indicate sented a revolver. The baronet went on without looking. The policeman who at riage.

Sullenly the girl obeyed. The laces of Sullenly the girl obeyed them from her

without looking. The policeman who attempted to seize him got a whack from the flask of spring water and is suffering from concussion of the brain. The other policeman are concussion of the brain. The other policeman oried, "Stop thief!" His revolver went off, but never touched the baronet.

All through the 69 miles to Tyner City the baronet had it easier and scattered less devastation. He was nearing the mile a minute gait and flashed through Tyner City in 80 minutes, upsetting a party of lonfers as he passed, and Plymouth was only 30 miles away. At 9:30 o'clock the chief of police received the following message, signed by the name of the young inventor, whom he knew well:

"Stop bicyclist. Will enter city from the west side on pike, on motocycle, and the marriage was set for the next day, Thurs-

the west side on pike, on motocycle, and marriage was set for the next day, Thurs-machinery beyond his control. Stop at lay, May 13.

At the gate he met Juan Mojas, the eld-

The famous modern, fin de siecle, up to date John Gilpin ended his rife here. Chief Mannering and his assistants held w short consultation and determined to take short consultation and determined to make effective measures. The chief had an idea which will make him famous. The inhabitants of nearby houses were aroused. A few minutes sufficed to expain. All the feather beds in the vicinity were collected. feather beds in the vicinity were collected. In one huge heap they were weven into a barricade across the pike. Hay, mattresses, quilts and everything else to denden the shock was tossed on the heap.

In the meantime the baronet was nearing the end. He was caked in mud. His hair was white as the driven snow, while his face was as black as the acc of clubs. His hands were rigid as steel and clued to

His hands were rigid as steel and glued to the handle bars. He was the apotheosis

the handle bars. He was the apotheosis of a scorcher.

It was all over too quickly to comprehend. The watchers at Plymouth remember hearing a far away whizzing. Then there was a blinding flare, a smell of burned feathers, and the baronet lit on the barricade at exactly 11:28 by the clock, almost unrecognizable. The wheel, like the one horse shay, collapsed into its original elements, while the electricity went off like a lightning bolt, burning the barricade to ashes. The baronet was astrict to a nearby drug store, where his tojuries were ascertained. His friends arrived the next morning and took him to Pittaburg in a private car.

The Fatal Infatuation of Macedonio Frausto.

SLEW HIS SWEETHEART'S BROTHER

In the old stone prison at Monterey there is a boy waiting for execution. He is a sturdy, very dark little Mexican. He smokes cigarettes from morning till night like any other Mexican and fights his guards like a tiger. Whoever sets foot in-

side his cell must struggle for his life with Macedonio Frausto.

That is not a Mexican trick at all. tradition and instinct your Spanish-American is conscious of the dignity of death.



MACEDONIO FRAUETO.

He never dies afraid. But when his fate is pronounced be blows resignation out, with every cigarette puff.

They say he is inmano. It is not true. He is only Indian. His eyes are piercing, not soft. His nose is high, not small and rounded.

Macedonio Frausto was a cowboy on the Banche del Matzos, 20 miles from Naddores, in the province of Coa, Mexico.

The Ranche del Matzos, 20 miles from Naddores, in the province of Coa, Mexico.

The Ranche del Matzos belongs to the Mojas family. Macedonio was just a plain cowboy. He could ride anything that wore hoofs, but any other cowboy on the Matzos range could do that. He could drop his lasso over a steer's horns at 40 feet and throw and the his beef inside of two minutes. But that is just journey-man work on cow ranches in that country.

Macedonio Frausto is only 17 years old, but that is old enough to Mazico to make a boy a man. He was also old enough to fall in love with the pretty daughter of his employer.

Anits Mojas is 16 years old and a beauty according to Mexican ideals. It was not surprising that Macedonio, the cowboy, should fall in love with her, nor possibly was it remarkable that she should be interested in the dashing young valuer of the cowboy, should fall in love with her, nor possibly was it remarkable that she should be interested in the dashing young valuer of the mark of the mountains of the samployer.

Anits Mojas is 16 years old and a beauty according to Mexican ideals. It was not surprising that Macedonio, the cowboy, should fall in love with her, nor possibly was it remarkable that she should be interested in the dashing young valuer of the mark of the mark of the was not surprising that Macedonio, the cowboy, should fall in love with her, nor possibly was it remarkable that she should be interested in the dashing young valuer of the mark of the was not surprising that Macedonio has his sweetheart had been devoured by the wild things of the mark of the human agents of the law fall. The companion of the province saw the lungard

irl and her cowboy lover.

Anita's brothers had undertaken to ar-

Anita made no protest. She knew bet-ter. Mexican girls are not likely to object to their brothers' plans openly. Just the same she anubbed young Sanchez when-ever she could, and whenever her cowboy lover was riding herd near the home ranch

she managed to see him.

Probably they had no plan to thwart the family arrangement then, but another cowboy surprised them at their rendezvous and told Anita's brothers of the clandes-

tine meetings.
Of course the brothers were Your Mexican ranchman is not the kind of a man to be thwarted by a woman, par-ticularly one of his own family. Sanches. ticularly one of his own family. Sanches, like a good fellow, agreed to overlook the girl's indiscretion, and the brothers ordered

At the gate he met Juan Mojas, the eld er brother. There was no "Oh, come you in peace or come you in war?" in the broth-er's greeting. He demanded what Mace-donio was doing away from his bunch of cattle, and the answer, so far from satis-

fying him, made him bitter.

"Go marry the carbonera's daughter if you want a bride," said Juan Mojas, and he followed up the taunt by discharging

you want a bride," said Juan Mojas, and he followed up the taunt by discharging the presumptuous cowboy.

Juan, Anita Mojas' brother, dropped dead at the gate. In the flashing of an eye the boy had shot him through the head and through the hody.

Out of the house rushed the other brother, Feliciano Mojas and his brother in law elect. They had been anticipating the feast of the next day. At the gate Macedonio Frausto stood, his smoking 44 in his hand, the body of Juan Mojas at his feet. The two rushed at the murderer.

Feliciano plunged forward, and his face scraped the dirt of the house yerd. Among the accomplishments of the young cowtoy was a peculiar accuracy in shocting.

One shot killed Feliciano, but the proposed husband took more killing. The remaining shots in Macedonio's revolver were fired at young Sabekes, but he did not fall. Macedonio sprang to meet him. The revolver was back in its holster, and the long bowie knife that balanced it is the cowboy's belt was in his hand. Each do not keep their foot when a nine inch knife is plunged into them. The crassed cowboy kneit on his prostante rival, twist-

Labor



the clouds. This is the country over which Maccdonio Frausto dragged the bride that was his wage of murder. They went days

without water, they went days without food, under the blistering Mexican sun

They were almost dead with hunger and fatigue when they staggered into Villadama. They were apprehended at once.

to the stone wall to face the execution squad. His strongth has come back to him, but the insanity of rage is on him,

and even his jailer does not dare to do more than push his food through the bars.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

The Menomini Indians, who occupy a

flannel bag, which measured about 20 inches in width by 30 in depth. The up-

per corners were tied by the hands so as to spread out the hag like a single piece of goods. Then, taking the bag in his hands, be rolled it into a hall to show there was nothing within. Again taking the lag

nothing within. Again taking the lag by the upper corners, the performer held it before his face like a banner and slowly began to dance forward. His con-federate preceded him, dancing backward, chanting with the performer and making

gestures before the bag. Slowly two snakes beads began to emerge from the top of the bag, gradually working their

rican Aborigines Who Rival the His-does In the Black Art.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

ing the knife in his breast, when Manuel Herrers, a neighbor, who had heard the shooting and ran up, selzed him.

As well try to seize one of the leopards of Cos. Macedonio spun around in the neighbor's arms, and Manuel Herrers, stabbed through the heart, was added to the dead in the doorway of the Hacienda Moiss.

There was nobody else around except ervants and prons. It was none of their sorvants and peons. It was none of their business to interfere in a family quarrel. The cooks kept their preparations for the wedding breakfast, and two old men con-tinued to mend harness in the corral. Stepping over his victims, Macedonio-went into the house. In the hallway he found Anita. He seized and carried her to the gate. He lifted her up before him in the saddle. He galloped away to the mountains.

The rocks cut their shoes from their feet; the mesquite and manzanito bushes tore their clothes from their bodies. At night the mountains were alive. The screams of jaguars and purmas kept them awake, in spite of their exhaustion. They would have traveled at night, but when the sun goes down all the venemous, excepting things of that desolate country come out, and a journey in that darkness is death as certain as it is awful.

They were alwest dead with hunger and Promptly they were separated and placed under guard. The fight was not all out of the boy yet, but he was too exhausted to make an adequate resistance. The vil-lage tlacksmith riveted irons on his hands and feet and a strong guard took him to the feet at Montage.

It was morning before the authorities learned of the four dead men at the Hact-enda Mojas and the flight of their mur-

the fort at Monterey.

The girl is in a convent in the mme town. So much has she suffered on her awful journey that her death from exhaustion is only a matter of days.

In the prison of the fort Macedonio is waiting for the word that will bring him

reservation in the northeastern interior of the state of Wisconsin, nearly equal the east Indians in the art of jugglery. The snake bag trick, which is part of their mortuary exercises, is so eleverly worked as to deceive even the elect.

The performer held before him a rul

Mountains.

A bitter enough time the pair had of it hiding in the hills, and once the spotted ounces almost avenged the murder of Anita Mojas' brothers, betrothed and Anita's brothers had undertaken to arrange her life for her. A companion of theirs, Ramon Sanchez, the son of a prosperous Chile farmer, was their choice for a brother-in-law.

He gambled with them, rode horse vaces with them and was of their class, so they told Anita she was to become Senora Sanchez, and that ought to have been the end the beasts found them out. One of the animals leaped upon the young cowboy's back as he cowered there, and it was only his inherited swiftness and his bloody knife that saved them. All that night Macedonic stood guard, and wherever he asw a pair of eyes blazing in the brush be fired with his revolver.

It was Wednesday night when the young murderer swung his sweetheart before him

It was Wednesday night when the young murderer swung his sweetheart before him into the saddle and galloped away to the mountains. It was the following Tuesday when the pair staggered into Villadama, over 70 miles away. They had staid out as long as they could. They had lived on roots and berries that the young moun-

ANITA MOJAS.

taineer's instinct taught him were good. They had ridden their horse to death the first day to get beyond the posse's reach, and it was the carenes of the horse that the

buzzards reported by the trailing party hovered over in the innecessible carryon. After that they staggered along on foot. You who do not know the Coa moun-tains cannot dream of the parching desert

places, the dry mountain gorges, so deep that it is a day's travel to pass over them, the ingged heats of rocks that run up into



bodies farther and farther from the hag, until they were about half way out. Slowly the heads retreated into the hag, the men dancing and chanting the meantime, until they disappeared entirely. The snakes continued to emerge and disappear at the will of the performer, who finally rolled up the hag, snakes and all, and put it in his broast.

The explanation of the trick consists in the construction of the hag. Between the corners held by the thumb and forefinger was a strip of cloth or tape, to the middle of which were attached the ends of the stuffed snakes. These ends were only about eight inches long, and as the tension on the tape was lessened or tightened the weight of the snakes' bodies forced them up or down the tape casings. The hag is shown in the lower corner of the picture.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilbiains, Corne, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Harts & Ullemeyer,



